You're As Cold As Ice

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You're As Cold As Ice

by MeteoraWrites

Summary

Will should really know better than to walk around outside when he's about to go into heat. There's a creature in the woods that like to watch him when he walks and it catches his scent on this day.

He also should really remember to lock the door after wandering around outside in his pre-heat haze.

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Seasons Slick Day 4
Snow/Ice Play/Creature Fic

Notes

TigerPrawn requested I do a fic for SeasonsSlic and this days promo(s) inspired me at like 3am to write.

See the end of the work for more notes
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Will isn't really a fan of winter. This week is one of the rare exceptions to his dislike of the season. He's going into heat at the moment, and the cold feels blissful against his already burning skin.

It's foolish, but he likes to walk around outside while he can before his heat hits him fully. The dogs are all off with Alana for the next several days. He's alone. Which is how he likes it. Of course, he aches for an alpha. For a real knot buried inside him as he cums and passes out from exhaustion. But being the way he is and feeling the way he feels, it's just easier to spend his heats alone.

People bring too much noise with them. Too many emotions to drown out. Too much baggage to try and decipher. Nobody ever wants to just fuck and be done with it anymore. They want a mate. They want him to be the good little omega that does as he's told.

Will is far from that kind of omega. So, he spends his heats alone because it's just easier in the end than dealing with all the baggage and expectations that come with people.

Will is walking the edge of his property. Fresh snow crunching under his boots with every step. Breath making small clouds from the moisture crystalizing with each exhale. It's close to freezing out but he's only wearing his boots, jeans, and a thick flannel shirt that isn't even fully buttoned. Even so, he feels too warm despite the chill in the air.

It won't be long before he has to go back inside and strip out of his clothes completely.

As he continues to walk he hears a sound in the distance. Coming from deep in the thick line of trees he walks along. The sound of bare branches snapping and snow crunching. It sounds a bit like when he's heard deep passing through the area. Massive stags that aren't afraid of any possible predators or other males in their territory.

He pauses and listens for a long moment. Curious if it's headed his way or not. When the sound stops and he doesn't see anything through the fading sunlight that's cast through the forest he shrugs to himself and turns to walk back towards his house. He has a faint feeling of being watched. But given what he heard he isn't surprised or even bothered by it. He lives in the middle of nowhere. Deer and other creatures watching him walk around his property is to be expected.

When he enters the house Will absently thinks to pause and turn on the few strands of Christmas lights he has up before stripping out of his clothes and crawling into the nest of blankets he's already made for himself on his bed.

A part of him thinks he should probably get back up after a moment and make sure he's done everything he needs to before his heat fully hits. Make sure the doors and windows are locked and he has everything he needs within reach of his bed. But entering the warmth of the house has him just so tired all of the sudden. And his blankets feel so soft and inviting against his sensitive skin.

He ends up laying on his stomach with his face buried in his pillow, sleep pulling him under within moments of getting somewhat comfortable. He doesn't wake to the sound of approaching footsteps in the snow outside his home. Nor to the sound of the front door being slowly opened and closed.

No. What wakes Will is the scent of an alpha standing close to him. The feel of his bed dipping down near his feet. And cool breath ghosting over his body, causing him to shiver and let out a small moan.

He's so hot. Covered in sweat and leaking slick as his heat now hits him with full force. His mind is in a thick haze. He doesn't recall meeting any alpha or inviting them to help him through his heat. But he smells and feels the one in bed with him now and it's not an unfamiliar or unwelcome scent. Rather than becoming afraid, he feels excited.

An ice cold hand touches his hip, making him shiver once again and groan loudly. The cold feels good. So good. And he finally forces his eyes to flutter open, shifts his arms where they rest under his pillow in an attempt to push himself up to look at the alpha behind him.

Another chilled hand touches him, presses down on the back of his neck, stopping him from lifting his head and looking. He whines and arches into the touch. It's as blissfully cold as the other and the shock to his system is just so wonderful it almost hurts. "Alpha…" The word comes out as a breathy whine. He can't find a name in the haze of his mind. The scent is familiar. But he can't connect it to a person. It's muddled somehow. Mixed with the scent of fresh snow and frozen earth.

The bed shifts more, cold legs pushing Will's overheated ones apart. Making him whimper and raise his hips and present to the one that silently promises to give him what he needs. His body is aching. Cock hard and hole glistening with fresh slick. Begging to be filled. The hand on the back of his neck slides down his spine. Leaving goosebumps in its wake before settling on his hip to mirror the touch of the other.

The alpha lets out a low, animalistic sound, somewhere between a purr and a growl. Pleased by how eager Will is for them. One hand leaves him and a moment later Will feels the blunt head of the alpha's cock pressing at his entrance. It's as cold as the hands and legs touching him, and somewhere in the back of his mind Will knows that can't be right, but it feels too good for him to question or even really care. Makes him gasp and keen as they finally press inside his slick hole.

Will has been with plenty of alphas over the years. Used a variety of different sized toys in his heats in the past. None have ever made him feel stretched so full or left him feeling like a shock of ice water has just entered his very core. The cold hits him like a tidal wave and steals his breath away.

By the time the alpha is fully seated inside him, he's stretched so incredibly full and so very, very cold inside that he thinks he has to have died and gone to heaven. Even the alphas body, which now drapes over his own so they're pressed together tightly, is chilling to the bone. It leaves Will gasping for breath. Shaking from the deep chill and burning need that fills him. The alpha's breath is ragged in his ear. Clearly overcome by how hot and tight Will is around him. Fire meeting ice in the form of two bodies joining.

Will lets out a small whimper, rocking his hips back, silently begging for the alpha to move. In return he gets a low, primal growl before they're pulling out of him almost fully and slamming back in hard enough that Will's face is forced roughly against the pillow it's been pressing into this whole time. The sounds that leave Will as the alpha begins to fuck him are desperate and obscene. High keens and breathy moans that become deep groans and sharp gasps as the alpha's frigid skin begins to grow warm against his own and they find their rhythm together.

Will finds himself missing the cold as it fades. But the thought is fleeting as his alpha begins to kiss and bite and mark the back of his neck and shoulders. Deep groans and grunts fill his ears as Will does his best to move his hips back to meet his alpha's thrusts. There are times when Will thinks he hears something knocking against the wall in front of him, but he's pinned with his face pressed so completely to his pillow he can't look to see what could be making the sound. He barely has the room to breathe as it is.

The alpha's knot starting to swell as they shift their weight and being to fuck Will with more purpose. They change the angle of their thrusts. Hitting Will's sweet spot over and over and making him cry out loud and arch into each thrust as it sends electricity crackling under his skin. He can feel his orgasm approaching. Feel that intense, almost twisting sensation deep inside that builds the closer he gets.

To the protest of his alpha, Will manages to get up on his knees, though a hand goes to his neck and keeps his upper half pinned down. Too strong to fight. Not that he really cares to. He has the leverage now to work his hips the way he wants to. The way he needs to. He grinds his hips back. Whimpering and moaning every time his alpha's knot passes through his entrance to tease at the possibility of catching before it pops back out again.

After what feels like ages of blissful torture, the alpha's knot catches and presses deep inside, making Will cum at last with a loud cry as he trembles and spills untouched on the blanket beneath him. The alpha snarls when he feels Will's body convulse around his knot, and he grinds his hips into Will's ass. Working Will through his orgasm as the knot inside him continues to steadily grow.

Will whimpers from overstimulation as they continue to thrust and grind inside him. Knot stretching him wider than he's ever been stretched. It has his cock hard and aching again within minutes. Hips working with the alpha's as Will chases another orgasm and desperately tries to make his alpha cum as well.

The hand on the back of his neck loosens. Teeth scraping over the skin there. Begging to bite and clam if Will would let them. They don't bite, though. Or claim. Only scrape and nip and occasionally kiss and lick as Will mewls and cries and begs for them to make him cum again and cum inside him already.

His whole body is shaking as he pushes back into the alpha, hips working in tandem with theirs as the knot inside him drives him towards the brink. He's so close. Body burning and nerves singing with pleasure. He suddenly feels teeth on the curve of his shoulder, sharp and merciless. They bite hard enough to break skin and draw blood. Not a mating bite, but a claim in its own right. The alpha saying Will is his, for now. It sends a spike of pleasured pain through Will's body. Shooting down his spine and straight into his core.

He cums with a strangled shout as he pushes back into the alpha hard. Body spasming around the knot trapped deep inside him.

This time he's rewarded with a deep, low moan before the alpha grips his hips painfully hard and slams his hips into Will to grind his knot inside him harshly. Heat floods his inside as he feels the alpha's cock twitch deep within and spill at last. Knot throbbing with his alpha's pulse as Will's body milks out every drop of cum it can get.

Will feels boneless as they slump together in the middle of his nest. The alpha's face pressing into the crook of his neck as a deep purr rumbles through them. A part of Will becomes vaguely aware of the fact that he still can't recall a name to who he is with. Fog lifting a little as his body comes down from its heat-induced haze.

He pulls a hand from where it's been tucked beneath his pillow. Reaches back to touch the cheek of whoever just fucked him better than any other alpha ever has in his life. His hand raises a bit too high and bumps something thin and hard above their heads before the alpha's hand takes Will's own and brings it to their cheek to nuzzle.

"Rest, Will," Hannibal whispers roughly in his ear before pressing a kiss to Will's palm.

Will shivers hearing his alpha finally speak. He still can't recall inviting the other man to join him. Can't fathom how Hannibal could have been so cold upon joining him in bed. The thoughts and questions are quickly forgotten as sleep pulls at the last of his hazy consciousness.

He drifts off once again moments later. Never seeing the truth of Hannibal's pitch black skin or stag like horns, or how they fade away and are replaced by the visage of the man Will knows from his daily life.

When Will wakes next Hannibal is still with him. Well disguised in his person suit and ready to help Will through the rest of his heat with just enough time left after to prepare for them to share a nice, quiet first Christmas together.

End Notes

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